

## Poetry.

### Deeds of Kindness.

Suppose the little dew-drops  
Should hang its golden cup  
And say, "I'm such a tiny flower  
I'd better not grow up  
How many a weary traveler  
Would miss its fragrant smell;  
How many a little child would grieve  
To lose it from the dell!"

Suppose the glistening dew-drop  
Upon the grass should say,  
"What can a little dew-drop do?  
I'd better roll away!"  
The blade on which it rested,  
Before the day was done,  
Without a drop to moisten it  
Would wither in the sun.

Suppose the little breeze  
Upon a summer day,  
Should whisper to the small toad  
The traveler on his way—  
"Who would not miss the smallest  
And softest ones that blow,  
And think they make a great mistake  
If they were talking so?"

How many deeds of kindness  
A little child may do,  
Although it has so little strength,  
And little wisdom, too!  
It wants a loving spirit  
Much more than strength, to prove  
How many things a child may do  
For others by his love.

## Miscellaneous.

### Solving the Ghost Question.

About the year 18—, business had called me to a remote part of B— county, Tennessee, and I was staying at the house of a Mr. Rubert. The family consisted of Mr. Rubert and wife, one son, and two daughters. The son's name was Austin; he was about twenty years of age, and seemed to be very intelligent. The girls were no less intelligent than Austin. Adelaide, the eldest, was about seventeen, and Julia, the youngest, about fifteen.

Prettier girls I never saw. I loved them both as soon as I had seen them. We were sitting by a blazing fire, talking and laughing as lively as if we had been acquainted for years; when a sudden noise, as if some large building were falling, interrupted us.

"Ugh! ugh! ugh!" said one one, as if frightened out of his senses.

All the family rushed to the door, except Julia, who sat still, and remarked, "It is Bill Jenkins running from the ghosts again."

Suddenly the words escaped from her lips, when in rushed a tall, gawky, awkward, almost hairless fellow, puffing and blowing like a locomotive.

"What's the matter?" said Mr. Rubert.

"Matter enough," said Bill, his eyes looking almost as large as the bottoms of two common sized teacups.

"Out yonder," he continued, throwing himself down upon a chair; "out yonder, I heard a baby cryin', and then somebody a groanin' and snuffin'; and I tell you I jest got away from thar."

At this I could not suppress a laugh.

"You needn't laugh, old hoss," continued he, turning to me; "you needn't laugh, for I'll swear it's no fun; it's jest so, I'll swear it."

I turned to Austin and said, "Let us accompany him back to the place where he heard the noise, and solve the ghost for him."

Austin was silent.

"Will you go?" I asked.

Austin began to stammer out something.

"Darn me!" interrupted Bill, "darn me, gentlemen, if you get me back thar any more; see if you do!"

"Then tell us where it was," said I, "and if we can hear it, we'll solve it sure."

"Austin don't care much about going, I believe," said Adelaide.

"You are not superstitious, are you?" I asked him.

"No," said he, "I'm not superstitious, but I'm afraid of catching cold, that's all."

"I propose," said Julia, who had been silent till now, "that we all go, Mr. Rubert, Austin, Adelaide, and myself.—The moon is now up, and it would be a pleasant walk for us, besides, we might have some real fun."

After some hesitation on Austin's part, this proposition was accepted.—Bill told us where he had heard the ghost, but would not go with us.

Off we started. When we came to the spot, we found that Bill had knocked down about twenty panels of the fence. We had gone but two or three hundred yards talking very lively, when we entered a low, dark place in the road; the timber was very tall and thick, which caused it to be darker than anywhere else. When advanced a few paces into this place, our conversation stopped. Scarcely had we ceased talking, when—

"Boo-woo-woo-ugh!" went something near us.

"What's that?" said Austin, halting.

I advanced, and Julia stepped to my side and said—

"That's Bill's ghost, sure."

"Ou-boo-hoo-woo-ugh!" came forth again.

## Riches—A Beautiful Fable.

There is a German fable which says: On a sultry, hot summer day, an honest old man was plowing in his own field, when suddenly, under the shade of an oak, he beheld a godlike figure approaching him. The man started back.

"I am Solomon," said the phantom in a confiding voice. "What art thou doing here, old man?"

"If thou art Solomon," was the reply, "how canst thou ask me? When I was a youth thou didst send me to the ant. I saw its method of living, and it taught me to be diligent, industrious, and persevering, and gathering the superfluous for a stormy day. What I then learned, I still continue to do."

"Thou hast studied the lesson but half," replied the spirit, "go once more to the ant and learn of it, also, how to find rest and quiet in the winter of thy years, and how to enjoy that which thou hast hoarded up."

There is a world of wisdom in this fable, and there is no human philosophy which should be more palpably impressed on the understanding. Riches are desirable, but their greatest use is to make the decline of life happy, and he who after acquiring, fails to enjoy them is certainly to be pitied. It is an imposition on one's self to toil in the summer's heat and winter's cold, to accumulate property and then to be too parsimonious to enjoy it. One of the greatest privileges, one of the most glorious conditions that a human being can enjoy is to be happy—to withdraw for a time from Mammon, to look up to God and be truly at peace with God and all mankind. The ant toils through the Spring-time and Summer, but when the cold winds of autumn come, when the snows of winter fall, it nestles down in its warm chamber, lives on what it has accumulated, and we have no doubt enjoys its short existence. What a striking lesson, and how worthy to be followed by man.

## Gov. Morehead's Factory, &c.

Having occasion to go to Virginia recently, I passed through Leaksville, and soon came to what is called the Leaksville Factory, belonging to Gov. J. M. Morehead.

Being attracted by the magnitude and number of buildings, I stopped a few hours to look around. Here was a large stone building, the cotton factory, constructed in the most substantial manner, and of the most durable materials. It is situated at the mouth of a magnificent canal, leading from Smith's river, and operated by the largest and finest metal wheel that I have ever seen. Near by are the oil mills, flour mills, and saw mill—all operated by the water of the same canal, which appears to have a fall of at least 25 feet, and at a slight expense could be made to propel millions of dollars worth of machinery.

After surveying this immense water power and canal, capable of being made to control the entire current of Smith's river, I looked around upon the hills that jut in towards the manufacturing establishments, to see the neat and substantial dwellings—some brick and others frame—where the hundreds of laborers and their families live, who earn honest and respectable support from the capital here invested. The store-house and factory appear to have been built some years, and all the establishments and plans show that intelligent enterprise and capital have accomplished much here for the benefit of the country, when such improvements were in their infancy in North Carolina. Seeing such results from the sagacity and enterprise of an individual when there was no prospect of railroads in that portion of N. C., I was naturally led to reflect, what this portion of the State might become, with its rich lands, abounding in iron and coal, and its immense water power, with the advantages of a railroad? But this would not suit your Wilmington neighbors, and hence the people of that portion of North Carolina must be denied the benefits and blessings resulting from such an improvement.

In reflecting upon what I have witnessed and learned, I am satisfied that no man in the State of N. Carolina has been more identified with her material interests than J. M. Morehead. He has been, and probably is now, identified with the farming, manufacturing, mechanical, mercantile and educational pursuits of the people of the State. He knows their wants and interests perhaps better than any other man. He has done more to give impulse and success to the internal improvement system than any man in the State. The N. C. Railroad would never have been constructed had he not taken hold of it and brought his potent influence to raise the means and put the work forward almost to completion. Within six months or less he would have had the road completed. But here low party malignity had to do its dirty work. It forced him to resign that position which he had filled with such signal ability, that it might reap the rewards due to another. It was an act of black ingratitude, and some of its perpetrators are now reaping its bitter fruits.

He did more to build the Atlantic & N. C. Railroad than any man in the State. Although he was not the President, he subscribed the money and did the work, and to-day, I am told, owns more stock in the Road than all other private stockholders collectively. Yet he has never even been tendered a Director's place in the Company. This is base ingratitude, and places the Company in no enviable light, altho' I do not suppose that Gov. Morehead wants any position on the road.

During the sitting of the last Legislature, there was developed a bitter partisan spirit against him. He had mind and capacity enough in his objects of legislation to comprehend the whole State of North Carolina. He was for giving the additional aid necessary to complete the Albemarle and Chesapeake Canal; he was for going forward with the Western Extension; he advocated the Danville Connection; and he was for the Fayetteville Coal Field Road, as well as other useful improvements to the State. His more comprehensive and statesman-like policy did not suit all the local and petty interests represented in the Legislature, and an attempt was made to hunt him down by those pigmy politicians and factionists.

Men who would not dare to meet him in discussion in the Legislative halls or elsewhere, by misrepresentation and slander, by whiskey and ground peas in the lobbies, hotels and groceries, endeavored to do their dirty work of robbing an honest man of his good name and just fame. The decree had gone forth that Morehead *delendus est*.

His public and private life were ransacked to find some fault or blemish with which to damn him. Truly, "*monstrum pariturum et ridiculosus natus nascitur*." The result is too well known.—How like chaff before the wind he scattered the imputations of his adversaries, and how triumphantly he vindicated himself, and put to the blush every accuser, is too familiar to your readers.

His speech, both in eloquence and its vindication of truth, would have im-

## A New Telegraph Cable.

A correspondent of the Utica Herald says that N. Parks, Esq., of Mohawk Village, but formerly of Rome, has invented and patented in the United States and in England, a new telegraph cable. He claims it can be worked any distance without the aid of any electric battery, the cable being of itself a perfect battery; consequently the longer the wire the greater power in working will be obtained.

It is said that some capitalists are about taking it in hand with a view of giving it a thorough test.

## Something Worth Knowing.

One day, while purchasing a lot of dried fruit, we discovered small pieces of sassafras bark mixed amongst it, and upon inquiry, were informed that it was a preventive against the worm. It is said that dried fruit put away with a little bark, (say a large handful of the bushel), will save for years unmoested by those troublesome little insects, which so often destroy hundreds of bushels in a single season. The remedy is cheap and simple, and we venture to say a good one.—*Lexington (S. C.) Flag*.

## The Two Homes.

A STORY FOR MOTHERS.

"Mother," said a little girl of ten years, "I have done all the work you gave me—now may Willie and I go to Mr. Grays?"

"I do wish you would keep out of the way, and stop teasing," replied the mother, as she gave her daughter a push which sent her reeling against a chair.

"Why mamma," said Willie—a bright sturdy little fellow of five years—who had been busily engaged for the last hour trying to make a wooden knife for his sister—Why, mamma, you promised we might go to-day, and if you don't let us, it will be telling a wrong story."

"Well, do go along—stay an hour and I hope I shall have some peace while you are gone."

"Hurrah," said Willie, jumping up. "Where's my cap? Mamma, I can't reach it."

"I'll warrant it—always something to hinder me; here, take your cap and go; and with the same impatient step and frowning brow which had been seen all that day, she passed again to her work."

But let us follow the children as they leave the house. Sarah walks along with a sad and tearful face—her's is a peculiar sensitive nature, and the harsh reproof so often given is sure to cast a shadow on her heart—and as Willie glances up into her face, rebellious thoughts arise, and his eyes flash indignantly as he says, in a comforting tone, "I wouldn't feel bad if mamma does scold. I shall be a big man pretty soon, and then I'll talk right back to her, just as she does to us; and when I get rich enough, I'm going to buy a horse and carriage and you and pa may ride with me, but mamma shan't, cause she ain't good. May be she'll grow old sometime, and come to live with me, just as grandma does to our house, and then if she talks so to us, I'll just shut her up in the dark, wouldn't you?"

Little does that mother think she is sowing seed in the young hearts which shall spring up and yield a hundred fold of bitterness and sorrow.

Ten years have fled—let us again visit that dwelling. Where is now the gentle Sarah, whom every one thought so sweet tempered. She is there but how changed. In former years the flood of tears, but as day after day, year after year, the harsh words fell upon her ear, angry feelings began to sear upon her very nature become changed, and she had learned at last to throw back the bitter retort. Sadly darkened must be the soul of that mother who thus wounds and crushes the heart of the sensitive, until hatred takes the place of love, and the Evil Genius presides where once heavenly angels loved to linger.

But we miss the brave little Willie. Where can our pet have flown! In days of yore his laughing eyes and sunny smile were always the first to greet us; now we list in vain for his coming footsteps. He is a wanderer—exiled by his mother's frowns and irritableness, from an otherwise pleasant home.

Oh, mother! how great an influence thy words, thy tones of voice possess! Are they harsh and vituperative? Are those tender blossoms entrusted to

## Raised from the Dead—A Curious Case.

A curious case occurred last week at Rome, in this county. Mrs. Peters, wife of a German of that name, after a short illness, was supposed to have died. Her husband made immediate arrangements for her funeral, having procured a coffin in this city. On placing her body in the coffin a general perspiration was observed throughout the skin, which was reported to the husband, with the suggestion that the burial be deferred in the hope of reanimation. To this the husband objected, and had her interred the same day, (Saturday) After the burial services were over some relatives of the supposed deceased, who reside in this city, arrived at Rome to attend the funeral, which had already taken place, and hearing of the circumstances caused the body, which then had been four hours in the grave, to be disinterred, when, to their surprise and joy, they found signs of life still remaining.—Restoratives being administered, Mrs. Peters gradually recovered, was taken by her friends to this city, and is now well. We are informed that she refuses to again live with her husband.—The circumstances connected with the affair are strange indeed, and should undergo investigation.—*Ohio Fact*.

It would be well to remember that the tuning of a piano consists only in tightening and relaxing the strings to the requisite degree, and does not include the regulation of the action and replacing of strings, and—as many actually suppose—a general renovation of the instrument.

The happiest man is he who lives the most virtuous life.

A newly invented fly-trap caught 1,700 flies in one minute.











